Fine Dining

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Fine Dining

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal may have bitten off more than he can chew when he purchases a breeding bench.

Notes

For #SummertimeSlick fest - references to knotting and surprise heat/rut

See the end of the work for more notes

~I've purchased a bench, it is being delivered Thursday.

The text popped up on Will's phone as he was scrolling through his emails. He took in a deep breath, the kind that he sometimes had to draw, because sometimes his boyfriend was an asshole.

~Okay, I'll bite. Why, Hannibal, did you buy a bench?

Tapping it out, Will understood Hannibal's reluctance to specify what kind of bench in his message. It was kind of taboo and Will felt a burn rise on his cheeks.

They'd joked about it a couple of weeks earlier, or at least Will thought they had been joking. Hannibal had been waxing lyrical about how the breeding bench, in this day and age - free of subjugation - could be thought of as an elevation in experience. The difference between having a poached egg on toast and a Croque Madame. Will had laughed at the idea of it being essentially fine dining, and pointed out the obvious - that neither of them were omegas - the intended user of a bench.

He had to admit, when Hannibal had given him that salacious look that sent chills through him, and countered with a growled "I know", Will had shuddered. The thought was kind of hot - one of them being strapped down when the other went into rut, the way an omegan would be. Hannibal made the further point that, given the breeding bench angled the omega at the perfect angle for impregnation, the alpha's rut would become all the more intense and pleasurable. The instinctive physiological reaction of presuming to have bred it's mate as a good alpha should - regardless of whether that mate was omega or not.

And whilst Will's dick had twitched at the idea, he'd let it drop, really thinking the discussion was just that weird mix of kinky and academic that Hannibal liked to tease him with.

~My rut is coming up in a few weeks and I thought, if we felt so inclined, we might put it to use.

Will blew out a breath. Of course part of him was titillated at the thought of being tied down and used in that way, but a larger part of him had no interest in it. Or rather, was seriously uninterested in it.

His whole life he'd been teased and ridiculed for being an alpha that sexist idiots considered stereotypically omega-like. And as much as he loved taking a knot, he didn't like the idea of being treated as an omega in that way. Hell, he didn't even like the thought that omegas, in this day and age might be treated that way - unless completely consensual.

Which, really, was overthinking what essentially was a kink, and maybe even on some level some sort of light bdsm that his boyfriend had expressed an interest in exploring. He just...

~I don't think I'm up for that. Next time ask first.

He punched in his reply and sent it, angry at Hannibal's presumption. Which of course, was just like the presumptive asshole.

He ignored the text back, which was likely an apology for the presumption and saying that he would return it or something. Will wanted to wallow in his anger for a little - he had to admit he sort of enjoyed being righteously angry at Hannibal on occasion - and usually the alpha deserved it.

*

When Will opened the letter his hands were shaking. He'd lost count of how many times he'd done this - and every time had been unsuccessful. But maybe this time? He was more hopeful than he'd ever been. Since getting together with Hannibal he'd changed, or rather become better at manipulation. Hannibal had pointed out that the problem he had at work was how others perceived him. He didn't need to change, merely adapt his behaviour to give a different perception - a person suit Hannibal called it. And it things had been definitely improving as a result.

He scanned over the letter, taking in the pertinent points before reading it thoroughly. Twice. His heart thudded in his chest and he took shallow breaths

He'd finally done it, after years of trying, he'd been accepted into the detective training programme. After that a promotion to detective was guaranteed as soon as a slot opened up, and he knew there were some coming up in homicide - his ultimate goal. Will was shaking. He let out a bark of laughter, feeling light headed and tingly.

He quickly text Hannibal to say he was coming over and then was out the door.

When Hannibal opened the door, Will practically pounced on him and pushed him inside. Pressing him back against the wall and kissing him thoroughly. The whole drive over it was all he could think of. Maybe they should have some champagne to celebrate? Maybe? He was just suddenly so damn horny that all he really wanted to do was fuck.

Hannibal hummed his pleasure into Will's mouth, which only served to make his hips snap forward, his already rock hard cock against Hannibal's rapidly filling length.

Will’s whole body was aching right down to his tingling knot and he felt light headed and fuzzy, kind of like -

Will drew back from Hannibal and looked at the man, they were both panting and Hannibal's grin dropped into a more concerned expression as he took in Will's eyes. Will knew beyond a doubt they were dilated, like massive black holes of lust.

"I think-" the words shuddered out of Will in a voice he barely recognised as his own.

"You're going into rut." Hannibal finished, his tone somewhere between trepidation and excitement.

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Hannibal was at a loss to know what had triggered Will's rut, knowing his boyfriend wasn't due for at least several weeks after his own - a few more cycles and they might sync up. Something must have happened, and it certainly wasn't all that uncommon to him as a medical professional.

In fact, had it been anyone else he wouldn’t have had much interest in the cause. With Will, he was exceedingly curious about this development. But as it was, he was being pressed too passionately to the wall by his aggressively horny boyfriend to think on it further.

Will's eyes were fully blown, a light sheen of sweat across his skin, his mouth was slack in a way that only highlighted his slightly fanged teeth. His scent was pungent - giving off pheromones that had the potential to drive an omega into heat. Hannibal found himself almost saddened that it wouldn't have a similar effect on his own physiology.

Even so, one thought came to mind. Something he had actually considered for Will - the boyfriend so hungry for his knot - but now was suddenly overwhelmed with other possibilities -

"Bench..." Hannibal managed to reference his purchase of three weeks earlier, before Will's mouth was on his again and he was pulling at Hannibal's tie, trying clumsily to free him from it.

It took a few moments for the word to penetrate Will's haze, but it was clear once it did. The alpha pulled back, confused.

"I thought you returned it." It took some effort for the words to come out. The rut was descending fast, and although the alpha would largely retain control of himself, it would get increasingly difficult for him to do much other than service his instinctive need to breed. Other functions such as talking, eating or drinking would soon be rendered secondary to sexual activity. To breeding.

Hannibal shook his head, whilst Will clearly struggled to hold himself back - leaving Hannibal wondering how much of that was a result of the mention of the bench.

"I apologised for being presumptive, but I saw no need to return it. Should we ever-"

His words were cut off again by another aggressive kiss that left his lips sore. When Will pulled back again it was with a growl. He grabbed Hannibal's arm almost painfully, clearly was not focused enough to consider the increased strength his rut gave him.

Will would have dragged him to stairs had Hannibal not pulled himself loose - to Will's unhappy growls - and taken the lead. He began to strip himself as he started up the stairs ahead of Will and towards the spare room. He looked back to see first confusion and then realisation as Hannibal passed by his own bedroom door.

He hadn't for one moment considered doing this himself. He was of course open to the idea of taking a knot, but wasn't convinced he'd get the same pleasure from it that his boyfriend clearly did. Part of him considered that Will's rut happening now was some sort of message.

In truth he was more than a little terrified. Once he was strapped in he had to have every faith that should he want to stop, that Will wouldn't be so consumed by his rut that he couldn't heed that. He suddenly understood Will's hesitation at using it, perhaps not thinking as empathically as he should have, and deserving Will's anger. He wondered if Will would have qualms now?

"Would you like to use the bench now Will?" Hannibal asked, his words knowing and taunting - to cover up the flutter of nerves he felt.

Despite his concern, he was increasingly wanting to give himself over to Will - give him that absolute trust, that he had blindly expected.

Will growled and crowded in behind him, biting at the back and side of his neck as he pressed Hannibal forward. His cock was so hard that it poked against Hannibal almost as painfully as the nipping. They'd been rough with each other before, but always knew that one of them in rut might get out of hand, and Hannibal found he was not adverse to that in the least.

"Can you strap me down?" He asked, a teasing note as they entered the spare bedroom. He felt a hot puff of air against his neck and a low growl before Will struggled to answer-

"Yes. If you want."

"Yes, I want." Hannibal answered, breathless.

Will was tearing at his own clothes, and Hannibal took the moment to remove what remained of his before Will got his hands on them as well. Soon there were clothes on the floor - Hannibal's in a neat pile, and Will's discarded scraps.

Will stood, panting. A hungry look in his eyes, like he wanted to rip Hannibal apart and dine on his flesh as much as he wanted to fuck him. He stood completely still, waiting for Hannibal. Even in this advanced state of sudden rut he was respectful of how he handled Hannibal. Perhaps part consideration, and part his own instincts - after all even his drive to mate would be hindered by the knowledge that his knot wanted an omega, and his lover was alpha. Possibly he would instead sense Hannibal as something of a threat, given that alphas would normally seek to drive other alphas from their omegas at a time like this.

Hannibal swallowed, hard. More turned on that he could ever have envisaged by this scenario. He knew Will had been with alphas in rut before, but he never had and being an unknown entity made it all the more titillating.

Hannibal sauntered to the breeding bench that had been set up in the centre of the large guest room. The rest of the furniture was minimal, if ornate - a king size bed, dressing table, wardrobe - all beautifully carved. And the bench fit perfectly, aesthetically, right down to the elaborate shelf built into one side - already stocked with a variety of supplies.

He surveyed the bench as he walked, not having paid very much attention to the logistics of it before - not having needed to. He could see where one might place a foot or a hand in order to mount it, and so followed that thought through with actions. Will's sharp whine making him shudder as he did so.

Hannibal was breathing heavily as he lowered himself, the angle left his ass high in the air - in a supported kneeling position - and his cock crushed between himself and the padded surface. The frame of the bench kept his legs apart and there was a place for his hands that would have them near pillowed by his head. Before he had much more chance to think about it, he felt Will strap one of the shackles around his left ankle and pull tight. Will's growing lack of control meant that the shackle was left looser than intended and the right ankle, nor his wrists, weren't fastened at all - Will had become more preoccupied with the contents of the shelf.

Will let out a shaky breath and then Hannibal felt his hand lightly on his ass, caressing over his rump and down his thigh.

"Are you sure Hannibal?" Will asked, sounding a little more himself. Perhaps a little sobered by the scene before him.

Hannibal nodded. "Yes… Just be…" Before he could find the words he felt slick fingers at his hole. He hissed as one finger pushed in, and was quickly two. Will opened him fast and rough, control slipping again. With an omega there'd be no need for this and Hannibal found himself counting his blessings that his alpha was responsible enough not to just take him with no prep.

Even so, the stretch burned and Hannibal winced through the process, his sounds making Will hesitate just a moment before continuing again.

Will made short work of stretching him, and whether by accident or design, he brushed his prostate with divide precision. Hannibal was practically writhing against the bench when Will withdrew his fingers.

At the feeling of loss and the sound of Will copiously slicking his cock with the lube, Hannibal let out a low whine. When Will responded with a growl that vibrated through his entire body and seemed to come to an end in his own cock and relaxed knot, Hannibal keened. He wished he were in rut too so that he could experience that ever deeper satisfaction.

"Please alpha." He found himself begging, needing desperately to be filled, knot and all.

Will growled his name and moved behind him.

At first Hannibal sensed him rather than felt him, every hair on his body standing on end in anticipation. And then Will was there, draping himself over his back as he moved forward.

The bench was adjusted for Hannibal's height, but with Will only a tad shorter, the fit was near perfect as Will pressed forward, slotting perfectly between Hannibal's spread thighs.

Hannibal trembled in expectation, but instead of penetrating him, Will pulled back again. His hands ran up Hannibal's back and trailed back down with nails lightly digging into flesh until he reached the globes of Hannibal's ass. Hannibal let out a soft sound of displeasure as Will moved away, only to be replaced by a gasp that stole his breath when the alpha's tongue landed on his slicked hole.

Hannibal, thankful that his wrists remained unshackled, grabbed the sides of the bench to stop himself damn well levitating off the thing. His arms ached with the effort of restraining himself as Will devoured him. His tongue slipping easily inside and curling as much as it could. Will pulled back and lapped, nibbled, plunged his tongue back in. Repeating the actions over and over with no set pattern until Hannibal was a whimpering mess and sweat dripped from his brow.

It took Hannibal a moment to realise that the growled words from Will as he pulled back again were -

"Mmm, pomegranate…"

Hannibal's breath caught. He couldn't help the bark of laughter at the realisation that Will must have used one of the flavoured lubes. But that was cut short the moment Will's tongue drove into him again and he shot forward so fast on the bench that only Will's grip on his hips and the one haphazard shackle stopped him from flying head of heels off the thing.

He couldn't stop muttering over and over - begging and pleading - "Alpha, alpha, alpha." as Will plundered his hole.

He didn't even realise the intense ache in his crushed cock, until he suddenly climaxed. His cock throbbed against his belly and he felt the trapped come oozing between his body and the bench. He couldn't even bring himself to care as his entire body went pliant with his release.

When Will drew back again then it was almost a relief, Hannibal's hole was twitching and flexing - begging to be filled despite the overstimulation. And Will took the invitation it offered.

Hannibal could hear him stroking himself, the slick sound of lube again, before Will was behind him. This time sinking his throbbing cock deep inside the space left wanting by his tongue.

They both groaned, Will's groan tailing off into a deep, throaty growl as he slowly bottomed out.

“Will…” Hannibal’s moan was barely audible as he reached back a hand to try to clutch at Will’s ass. It was impossible given the way his body was forced to lay angled but flat. Will caught hold of his hand and stretched it back into place, pulling himself fully over Hannibal as he did so.

Hannibal braced himself, clutching at the end of the bench, one of Will’s hands over his and his face pressed to Hannibal’s shoulders as he left just enough room to pull back, but not all of the way out. When Will moved again it was to slam into him.

Hannibal cried out, pleasure coursing through him as Will grazed his prostate, and his knot slapped against his sensitive and tingling rim.

“Alpha…” Hannibal whimpered, never before in his life wanting to be used for another’s satisfaction more than in that moment. He thought of the few days of rut ahead, Will’s instincts driving him to breed over and over. Leaving Hannibal full of his come and stretched by his knot. It was enough to almost make him come again, and certainly enough for his own alpha physiology to begin a rapid recovery.

As Will started to fuck him into the bench at a punishing pace, Hannibal grew hard again and was practically sobbing at the slide caused by his last release.

He could make out a growled mumbling next to his ear, distinguishing such highlights as “breed”, “pups” and “mine”. Hannibal began nodding, fervently agreeing to every word of it - rocking back against his alpha as he sought to fill Hannibal was his fertile seed.

When Will let out a slightly anguished sound Hannibal shuddered, knowing what was coming next. He expected the knotting - Will slowing before pressing into him hard and steady until his knot popped painfully past Hannibal’s rim. He hadn’t expected the sharp teeth that clamped down on the meat of his shoulder at the same time.

He let out a startled cry and came again as Will resumed his fucking - this time little more than a jolt of his hips as they were now locked firmly together. Hannibal sobbed through the torturous pleasure, feeling comforted by the way Will now sprawled completely over his back. Understanding, in a way he never had before, what Will got from this when he was fucked and knotted - the comfort and peace it would bring him.

A few more sharp thrusts and he felt Will’s release inside him, filling him on and on as was bound to happen during a rut. He could feel it almost painfully swelling his lower abdomen as Will pumped into him, the knot keeping it all locked inside.

Hannibal whimpered a little at the sensation, not entirely unpleasant, but alien and strange - made worse by his position crushing him against the bench.

Will slowly released his shoulder and Hannibal felt the well and trickle of blood, followed by Will’s seeking tongue and then nuzzling against him. He knew if he were an omega then this would be the point where he would be lulled by the immense pleasure. He would be flooded with pheromones that would put him in a hazy state - perhaps even induce his own heat. But as an alpha, Hannibal was to experience none of that.

As his breathing levelled out and he started to come down from the two orgasms and the situation he found himself in, he resigned himself to expecting no further pleasure than he already had. And that was no small amount, so he couldn't grumble.

But then, as Will completely relaxed against him, to the point Hannibal wondered if the alpha had nodded off after his own exertion and climax, Will started to purr.

He felt Will's hands caress the sides of his come swollen belly, an instinctive but loving gesture as Will no doubt pictured Hannibal carrying his offspring.

It was the low throaty purr of an alpha - much deeper and harder won than an omega's purr. Hannibal felt his chest expand with pride as he took in a breath, a bone deep pleasure flowing through him as he breathed out and his own purr welled in response.

*

Will blinked a few times, trying to focus as much as he could. He felt hazy and kind of liquid. As with every rut, his memory was perfect but it all came back as though a dream. Unlike his previous ruts however, he roused from his post orgasmic slumber to the sensation of Hannibal breathing softly beneath him.

They had apparently both fallen into an exhausted nap after their first bout - the bench strangely comfortable.

Will moved back slowly, feeling that his knot had deflated to almost non-arousal - almost. He eased himself out of Hannibal, his knot catching ever so slightly on the alpha's rim - not built to accommodate in the same way as an omega. Hannibal's ass, once slick with lube was quickly slicked with Will's come as it gushed from him and down the back of the alpha's thighs.

As it did so, Hannibal stirred, letting out a long and pleasured moan at the sensation.

"I was so full." Hannibal's voice was heavy with sleep and Will couldn't work out from the tone whether he was relieved or lamenting the loss. Either way Will's cock twitched in response and began to stiffen a little. The cloudy, foggy feeling was starting to descend once more and Will knew he'd need to knot again soon, but for now he stepped back and took in the sight of his lover.

Not that that helped one bit in staving off the next bout.

"Damn." Will muttered. "You look so thoroughly fucked. What a mess."

Hannibal's expression was sleepy and satisfied. His hair was a crazy mess and his shoulder was raw with a bite Will remembered the taste of. Come oozed from his ass as well as from beneath his stomach, slicked between alpha and bench. The sight of him looking so totally debauched made Will want to fuck him again.

Even as his cock started to fill once more, Will forced out the words. "Shall we move to the bed?"

He picked up a bottle of water from the bench's little shelf and uncapped it, passing it to Hannibal. The alpha propped himself on his elbows as he drank in long pulls - revealing that his own copious come had worked its way all the way up into his now matted chest hair.

The sight was delicious.

Hannibal looked at him, studying him as he drank - clearly taking in the open lust that was once more gripping Will.

He passed the almost empty water bottle back and shook his head. "I'm quite comfortable here." Hannibal crooned.

*

Hannibal lost count of how many times Will had him on the bench. In terms of time itself, it was all of the first day and into part of the second before Hannibal rose for more than just a quick stretch and entirely from the bench.

When he did his belly ached with the remaining come that gravity then assisted out of his body. His own cock was almost raw from the friction against the bench, but it was nothing compared to his abused ass.

He had let Will convince him to order take out and they had eaten the worst Chinese food that Hannibal had ever wolfed down in his life. They had pulled on mismatched clothes to sit around and eat - not to mention answer the door to the delivery guy. And whilst Will looked like the proverbial cat that got the cream, Hannibal knew he himself looked like a complete mess.

They were warm and full, rehydrated and relaxed when they then stripped and fell into the bed. The complete disaster area that was the severely soiled bench, abandoned.

Will was gentler then. His rut less consuming and his touches tender. A few times he knotted in Hannibal's hand, once with a wonderful toy that Hannibal enjoyed often. Alphas weren't built to take the pounding of another's knot for days on end, but Hannibal put in a valiant effort and took Will again once he had rested a little.

On the fourth morning they woke in the guestroom king size bed, tangled around each other.

They were both covered in sweat and come. A little blood, and more come.

The whole room stank of excess, underpinned by the undeniable scent of sex and pomegranate. Very fine dining indeed.

Hannibal stroked the curls back from Will's face and studied his lover in the most relaxed state of sleep he had ever witnessed. He regretted that his actions caused Will to stir and, finally, open his eyes.

Will's face immediately brightened with a smile.

“You’re a mess.” Will chuckled. “What a beautiful sight to wake to.” He pulled Hannibal close until they met in a light kiss.

Hannibal hummed his own pleasure against Will’s mouth.

“It has been an… educational few days.” Hannibal grinned as he pulled back a little, rewarded with the other alpha’s light blush. “Your rut-”

“Wasn’t due. I know.” Will finished, nodding. “Should have been a couple of months off.”

“What do you think caused it to come on early?” Hannibal asked, stretching out against Will before laying back on the pillow as Will rolled onto his side to curled against him.

He shook his head. “You’re the doctor.”

Will dismissed, running his hand down Hannibal’s side and then over his belly. The alpha’s hand moved lightly for a moment, rubbing slow circles around the still slightly swollen tum. If Hannibal were an omega, he might be pregnant now, and that gave him pause for thought.

“Have you been considering starting a family?”

They had talked about it before, a few comments here and there that left the other in no doubt that they had no immediate, and possibly, no future interest whatsoever in having children.

But perhaps if such an idea had been playing on Will’s mind it might have -

Will chuckled and shook his head. “God no. I mean…” he circled his hand again, playing in the downy hair on Hannibal’s abdomen “... as hot as rut-me found you as you lay there rounded with my come… I am ecstatic that fucking you carries no risk of pregnancy.”

Hannibal was comfortable in letting his own relief show, especially as it brought another chuckle from Will, who then nuzzled into his neck.

“Besides,” Will continued. “I can’t imagine I’d have much time for changing diapers now that a promotion is in the works.”

Hannibal pushed Will back so that he could look at the man, brow quirked. “Promotion?”

Will grinned and blushed all at once. “Shit, I guess I never had chance to say that, did I?”

Hannibal laughed. “No, I think your body was too busy trying to get me pregnant - after all job stability and promotion is a opportune time to breed.”

Will’s face reddened even further and he lowered himself to laugh heartily against Hannibal’s throat.

“Damn instincts!” He cursed mirthfully.

Hannibal chuckled back, his fingers finding the hair at the nape of Will’s neck and lightly twisting into it.

“Oh, I can’t say I minded.” Hannibal grinned. “Detective Graham.”

End Notes

NB: Not sure it is totally relevant, but the world building in this series is that alpha’s knot only swell when they are in rut - hence why Hannibal's knot did not respond (and why it would be fun for their ruts to synchronise XD).

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